SLIMER!

"QuickSlimer Messenger Service"

(166004A)

(7-Minute Script)

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DIC ENTERPRISES, INC.

FINAL

SLIMER!

"QuickSlimer Messenger Service"

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FADE IN:

INT. GHOSTBUSTER H.Q. - BUNKROOM - DAY

SLIMER floats in his favorite mid-air sleeping spot, leaning back against a big bed pillow, reading a Fairy Tale Book.

SLIMER
(slow, reading)
"And they lived happily EVER after!"

He closes book with a dreamy smile.

SLIMER
(enraptured by story)
Awww... that's nice.

He "takes" as he hears:

CHILLY (VO)
(distant; singing)
ICE CREAM! ICE CRE-AMMM!

SLIMER
Oboy! Chilly's comin'!

He tosses book aside, ZOOMS o.s.

UPSHOT ON GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Slimer ZIPS IN before clock, looks around to make sure nobody's watching, then opens the clock's door and pulls out his MARSHMALLOW MAN PIGGY BANK. He shakes bank upside-down over his open palm, but only a BUTTON falls out. Slimer sags in disappointment.

SLIMER
Awwwww.

CHILLY (VO)
(a little louder; still singing)
ICE CREEEAAAMMMM!

SLIMER
(panicky SQUEAL)
I need money!

He ZIPS O.S.

INT. REC. ROOM - ANGLE ON COUCH

Slimer rockets INTO SHOT and dives beneath the seat cushions, burrowing from one end of the couch to the other. He starts throwing out lost objects: PENS, CANDY WRAPPERS, APPLE CORES, A HOCKEY STICK, finally an AUTO TRANSMISSION.

SLIMER (VO)
Money! Money! Money! Money!

CLOSER ANGLE

Slimer's head pops out of cushion and he looks toward window biting his nails in panic. Slimer chips fly!

SLIMER (CONT)
(desperate)
No money!

WINSTON (VO)
(calls out a la Ricky Ricardo)
Lucyy! I'm home!

SLIMER
(brightens)
Moneyyyy!!

Slimer rockets o.s.

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS - RECEPTION AREA

WINSTON has just entered through front door when Slimer ZIPS UP his pants leg. Winston twists and turns as Slimer zooms inside his coveralls, hitting any pocket that could hold loose change.

WINSTON
Hey, Slimer! Whaddaya doin', man?
(LAUGHS)
Get outa my pockets! That tickles!

Slimer pays no attention. Finally, Winston stops squirming, stands stock still and braces himself as he yells.

WINSTON (CONT)
(top of his lungs)
SLIMERRRRRRR!

CLOSER ANGLE

Slimer POPS his head up from Winston's collar looking eyeball to eyeball with Winston. The spud flashes his famous toothy grin.

SLIMER
(innocent)
Hi, Winston.

WINSTON
(trying to remain calm)
Forget it, I'm fresh outta change.

SLIMER
(disappointed GROAN)

EXT. GHOSTBUSTERS H.Q. - CLOSE ON CHILLY'S TRUCK - MOVING

Chilly sits in the cab, driving and SINGING.

CHILLY
(Sings)
Ice Creammmmm!!

Slimer flies out of H.Q., ZIPS alongside, presses his face against windshield glass.

CHILLY
Hey, Slimer! What'll it be today, you little sweetie? Raspberry? *
(Slimer shakes head) *
Strawberry? *
(Slimer shakes head again) *
Tutti-frutti? *

CLOSE ON SLIMER

He sadly shakes his head "no", then pulls out "ectoplasmic" pockets (which cause his head to temporarily suck inside his shoulders and out of sight -- except for his eyes), to show her his financial condition.

CHILLY (VO)
(sympathetic)
Oh, no dough, huh?

SLIMER
(shakes head)
Nah-uh.

INT. TRUCK CAB - ANGLE ON BOTH

Chilly smiles as Slimer's head POPS back up and he zips through windshield, hovering beside Chilly, a pleading look on the spud's face.

CHILLY (CONT)
(she CHUCKLES)
Hey, no big thing; I'll be back this afternoon.
(she pats him on head, then stares at her slimed hand as she says:)
I'm sure you can hustle up fifty cents by then, right?

SLIMER
(dubious)
I dunno...

ON SLIMER

He floats out the side window.

CHILLY (VO)
Sure you can! See ya later, Slimer!

Slimer waves sadly.

WIDE ON SCENE - FAVORING SLIMER

As he watches Chilly's truck drive on.

CHILLY (VO)
(sings)
Ice Creammmmm!!

Slimer's whole body heaves with a big, discouraged SIGH.

SLIMER
(Discouraged SIGH)

Then, from O.S. --

RUDY (VO)
Hey, my main slime!

Slimer looks to his rear, surprised.

SLIMER
Huh?

ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH

RUDY sits inside, on old chair tilted back against rear wall of booth, reading a comic book. Above him is a sign reading: "RUDY'S MESSENGER SERVICE." A rusty bicycle leans against booth.

RUDY
Step into my office.

Slimer floats in.

SLIMER
(curious)
Hi, Rudy.

RUDY
(leans close and WHISPERS)
Li'l buddy, li'l pal, this is your lucky day! Wanna make some easy money?

SLIMER
(nods eagerly)
Yeah, yeah, yeah!

RUDY
Then you've come to the right place, green guy. "Rudy's Messenger Service!"

ANOTHER ANGLE

In several quick moves, Rudy pulls the old bike around, PLOPS Slimer on the seat, drops an oversized baseball hat on the spud's head and slips a jacket over him. During all this --

RUDY
And you're my numero uno messenger. But we wouldn't want ya to freak out the customers, know what I'm sayin'?

SLIMER
Uh-huh, uh-huh!

CLOSER ON SLIMER & RUDY

RUDY
So how's that?

Slimer grabs Rudy's sunglasses and puts them on very cooly.

SLIMER
Too cool!

QUICK PAN ACROSS STREET - ON DWEEB'S VAN

A SATELLITE SOUND DISH protruding from roof, swivels and dips slightly, as if homing in on a target. CAMERA ZOOMS IN as we hear:

RUDY (VO)
Alright, spud! We're in business!

INT. VAN - ON DWEEB AND ELIZABETH

Dweeb wears HEADPHONES and is peering through binoculars, while Elizabeth lies regally on her tummy, daintily picking morsels from her doggie dish and idly tossing them into her mouth as she spies out window through opera glasses.

DWEEB (CONT)
This is perfect, Elizabeth! That little glob of slime has a job! And I have formulated a brilliant plan to CATCH him!

CLOSE ON DWEEB

DWEEB (CONT)
(getting caught up in his own brilliance)
Elizabeth, the total genius of my mind is staggering!

ON ELIZABETH

She turns sourly from her opera glasses to glare at Dweeb's legs nastily.

DWEEB (VO) (CONT)
(starting, to breath hard)
Astonishing! Overwhelming!

RESUME ON DWEEB - WAIST SHOT

DWEEB (CONT)
(losing control)
Absolutely in-CRED-i...

ELIZABETH (VO)
(LOUD SNARL and CHOMP!)

Dweeb freezes in mid-tirade, blinks back to sanity and raises his leg -- revealing Elizabeth attached, by the teeth, to his ankle.

DWEEB
(heavy sigh)
Thank you, Elizabeth. I needed that.

Without lowering his leg, Dweeb picks up his car phone and punches out a number.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - RUDY AND SLIMER

Phone RINGS and Rudy answers.

RUDY
(into phone)
QuickSlimer Messenger Service!
(listens, then)
Wow! Sounds like you're right across the street, know what I'm sayin'?

QUICK PAN TO:

INT. DWEEB'S VAN

Dweeb covers phone with one hand and looks at Elizabeth, totally bewildered.

DWEEB
How did he know?

CLOSE ON ELIZABETH

She looks at CAMERA in disgust.

BACK TO PHONE BOOTH

Rudy cradles phone on shoulder, scribbles on small notepad. *

RUDY
(into phone)
No, problemo, sir.
(hangs up, rips paper off pad)
Package pick-up, green guy.
(hands Slimer paper)
Here's the address. Go get 'em!

SLIMER

jumps on his bike and using his power of flight, propels the bike forward as he grips the handlebars, making motor sounds with his mouth.

SLIMER
Go get 'em!
(makes MOTOR SOUNDS)

As he disappears into the distance, we --

WIPE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - ON SLIMER

There is an old, five-story, red-brick office building facing the street. Slimer arrives in front of building, hops off the bike and floats toward main entrance, movin' to the BEAT on his Walkman headphones.

QUICK PAN ACROSS STREET

Dweeb's van SKIDS up to a stop at the curb.

INT. DWEEB'S VAN - ON DWEEB AND ELIZABETH

Through windshield we see Slimer enter the building across street. Dweeb takes out a large stopwatch as Elizabeth jumps up on dash to glare at Slimer.

DWEEB
We've got him, Elizabeth! We've got him! In precisely two minutes, science will be served!

ELIZABETH
(GROWLS)

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - WIDE TO INCLUDE ELEVATOR

Elevator doors are just closing as Slimer approaches.

SLIMER
Waiiiit!

Too late. The doors CLOSE. Slimer sees open window to one side of elevator and quickly floats out through it.

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO BUILDING - ON WINDOW

Slimer floats out window and into the alley (which can't be seen from the street). He strikes a pose as if riding an elevator and presses imaginary button. We hear a DING! Immediately Slimer begins to rise as if in real elevator. PAN UP with him several stories.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE

Empty except for a large wooden desk. In evidence is a trip-wire that extends out bottom of desk and straight up to the ceiling. On desk is a brown, paper-wrapped package, and next to the package is a twenty-dollar bill. (NOTE: OFFICE DOOR HAS TRANSOM WINDOW ABOVE IT.) Slimer floats up into view outside open window, stopping with another DING! sees package and money and SHOOTS inside.

CLOSER ANGLE

Slimer picks up twenty-dollar bill, then pushes the tip of his nose with one finger. An ectoplasmic "cash drawer" comes out of his stomach with a "BRRRR-DIGN!" Slimer drops in the money and SLAMS drawer shut. He grabs the package and when he pulls it up we see that the string is attached to bottom, coming from a hole in the top of the desk. Slimer pulls hard (he doesn't see the string), but the package won't budge.

SLIMER
(straining GRUNTS as he tugs, building to one final, HARD GRUNT)

WIDER ANGLE

Giving the package one last hard tug, the wire SNAPS and flies backwards into the wall a split-second before a massive slab of concrete ceiling plummets INTO SHOT and flattens the desk.

SLIMER

takes in horror, hands to his cheeks.

SLIMER
Uh-ohhh! Slimer broke it!

EXT. DWEEB'S VAN - THRU WINDSHIELD

Dweeb and Elizabeth stare at the TICKING stopwatch with big grins.

DWEEB
(counting down)
...Two ...one! ...AH HA!

ELIZABETH
(BARKS "Ah Ha!")

Both scientist and dog dash out of van.

INT. OFFICE - CLOSE ON SLIMER

He has miraculously replaced concrete slab on the ceiling (but precariously with plaster granules sifting down from it.) He has also rebuilt the desk (very badly) and is just re-connecting the trip-wire to the desktop. Finished, Slimer wipes sweat off his brow.

SLIMER
(busywork NOISES, then--)
Whew! All done!

Slimer slips his Walkman back on, tucks the package under his arm and heads out the window a split-second before --

THE DOOR

BANGS open and Dweeb and Elizabeth rush in.

DWEEB
(as he enters)
Now you're mine, you slimy little --

The villains SKID to a stop, staring at the desk with wide-eyed, dumbfounded blinks.

DWEEB (CONT)
(after A BEAT)
He tricked us!

On the word "tricked," Dweeb STOMPS one foot petulantly. The trip-wire TWANGS like a tuning for, VIBRATING MORE AND MORE VIOLENTLY BY THE MOMEN. Dweeb and Elizabeth stare in horror! Plaster is crumbling down from the vibrating ceiling. Both Dweeb and Elizabeth grab the wire to steady it. Instead, they VIBRATE, too.

EXT. BUILDING - ON SLIMER - FEATURE OFFICE WINDOWS

Slimer is again in his "elevator pose" and starts gliding downward. Through the window we see the slab fall from office ceiling.

DWEEB/ELIZABETH
(SCREAMS)

ANOTHER ANGLE

The slab goes right through the floor, and as Slimer descends past each window, we see the slab, Dweeb, and Elizabeth going THROUGH the various floors of the building. Slimer doesn't notice as he listens to his Walkman, bopping his head to unheard BEAT.

WIDE ON STREET LEVEL

Slimer reaches street level and lands gently on bicycle seat as the slab and villains continue into the building's basement, disappearing from view. There is a tremendous THUD that SHAKES the SCENE. Slimer pedals o.s. HUMMING as he goes.

SLIMER
(AD LIB HUMMING)

WIPE TO:

EXT. RUDY'S PHONE BOOTH

Rudy on phone, taking notes on pad as he talks.

RUDY
My messenger'll be there in a flash -- just have the cash. Heh, heh

Slimer, on his bike, SKIDS to stop and pulls Walkman around neck as Rudy hangs up. Slimer hands Rudy messenger money and Rudy hands Slimer a slip of paper.

RUDY (CONT)
Alright, slime-buddy! Got another package to pick up at same address. This guy must looove your work. *

SLIMER
Hokey-dokey, Rudy!

Slimer rides off on bike, making JET PLANE TAKE-OFF SOUND.

SLIMER
(JET PLANE TAKE-OFF)

INT. CORRIDOR

Dweeb, is connecting his "trip wire" to doorknob of open office door.

DWEEB
(as he works)
That miserable drool of slime will never escape this trap. It's foolproof -- as any fool can see.

Elizabeth SKIDS INTO SHOT.

ELIZABETH
(excited GROWLS)

DWEEB
He's here? Then hurry, we must hide!

They scramble o.s.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - ON ELEVATOR DOORS

Doors open and Slimer emerges, wearing headphones and SNAPPING his fingers.

SLIMER
(HUMMING with music)

He does a little mid-air spin and heads for office, but stops when he sees trash on the floor.

SLIMER
Uh oh.

CLOSER ANGLE

Slimer looks at trash, disgusted.

SLIMER (CONT)
Yuck! Litter bugs!

Slimer grabs up armload of trash (he can't see past it), bumps the lid off with his hip, revealing Dweeb's and Elizabeth's startled faces, then shoves the garbage back inside, covering the villains. But now the lid doesn't fit, so Slimer bounces up and down on it with his butt, to stomp the garbage, compacting it into the can. Lid still doesn't fit. The spud BANGS the lid atop the garbage to flatten it down even more.

WIDE ON HALLWAY - INCLUDE OFFICE DOOR

When the lid fits, Slimer brushes off his hands.

SLIMER
Allll cleann!

Slimer floats over to office door and passes right through the wood, leaving a splotch of drooly slime.

INT. DWEEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Slimer continues to desk, picks up package and money, and floats on out the far window.

SLIMER
(HUMMING with music)

Just as he's leaving the MUSIC HITS A CRESCENDO and Slimer lets loose with --

SLIMER (CONT)
(James Brown-like HOWL)

EXT. HALLWAY - ON TRASHCAN

The second they hear the HOWL, Dweeb and Elizabeth BURST up into standing positions in can -- bits of garbage clinging to them.

DWEEB
AH - HA!

ELIZABETH
(BARKS "Ah-ha!")

They hop out of can and rush for door.

INT. OFFICE - FAVOR DOOR

Door BANGS OPEN and a triumphant Dweeb and Elizabeth leap inside.

DWEEB
GOTCHA!!!

QUICK PAN OF ROOM - DWEEB'S POV

No sign of Slimer.

ON DWEEB AND ELIZABETH

As they realize what they've done. Behind them the trip-wire SNAPS with a TWANG and the door SLAMS shut. Dweeb and Elizabeth jump at the door, YANKING at doorknob and CLAWING at door seam. An ANVIL falls with a BANG on a JELLY DONUT which SQUIRTS its jelly OS.

ON BALANCE SCALE

The jelly lands on one end of the balance scale, which lifts the opposite end, raising a STATUE OF LIBERTY FIGURINE towards a MODEL ROCKET, the statue's torch hitting the rocket's FIRING SWITCH and BLASTING off the rocket.

ANOTHER SHOT

The rocket climbs until it hits the end of a precariously-balanced board holding a BOWLING BALL. The rocket explodes, tilting the board and causing the bowling ball to roll down the plank.

WITH BALL

As it rolls down the board.

CLOSE ON DWEEB'S AND ELIZABETH'S FACES

They pause in their struggle to pry door open and stare over their shoulders, their eyes "rolling" with the bowling ball.

ON BOWLING BALL

It rolls off the board, landing in a BASKET suspended by a ROPE. The weight of the ball lowers the basket and pulls the rope.

CAMERA FOLLOWS ROPE

rope leads to pulley attached to ceiling and down to GASOLINE LAWNMOWER MOTOR attached to back of desk. The rope STARTS THE MOTOR.

WIDE ON SCENE - DESK IN FOREGROUND, VILLAINS IN BACKGROUND

Motorized desk MOVES FORWARD on railroad-like tracks as Dweeb and Elizabeth huddle together against the door, terrified.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE DESK

As IT moves forward the front opens RESEMBLING A SHARK'S MOUTH, and starts to SNAP.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dweeb and Elizabeth start running around the room, chased by the desk. The "mouth" widens and a HUGE WHITE-GLOVED MECHANICAL HAND (like a Mickey Mouse glove) shoots out to grab Dweeb and Elizabeth.

DWEEB
(tiny voice)
Help!

ELIZABETH
(YIP!)

The hand pulls them inside the "mouth" which SLAMS shut. Desk grinds to a halt.

CLOSER ON DESK

It QUIVERS AND SHAKES with INTERNAL CLATTER. Machinery is obviously at work. Then all falls QUIET for a beat. Suddenly a DESK DRAWER SHOOTS OPEN to eject a HEAVY-DUTY PET CAGE onto the floor containing Dweeb and Elizabeth.

TIGHT ON CAGE

They're tightly packed in, nose-to-nose and very unhappy.

DWEEB
Elizabeth, did I ever tell you you have doggie breath?

ELIZABETH
(Bitchy GROWLS)

WIPE TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - LATER - ON RUDY

He leans against phone booth, looking skyward. Beside him is his signboard.

SLIMER (VO)
(Making helicopter sounds)

Slimer DESCENDS straight down INTO FRAME on his bike like a chopper and lands beside Rudy. He hands Rudy his latest earnings.

SLIMER
Here ya go, Rudy!

RUDY
Nice landing, green guy.

Slimer eyes the signboard with a questioning look.

RUDY (CONT)
But I'm afraid we're outa business. The phone's stpoped ringin' for some reason.

CLOSE ON SLIMER

SLIMER
(sympathetically)
Awww...

He looks up with big grin as he hears:

CHILLY (VO)
(sings)
Ice creeeam!

ON SLIMER AND RUDY

Slimer looks at Rudy and holds out his hand, palm up.

SLIMER
(very excited)
Oooh! Money, money, money! PLEEEASE!

Rudy takes out some crumpled bills and some coins.

RUDY
Okay, okay. Your share comes to a dollar-fifty,...
(starts to hand money to Slimer, then pulls it back)
... minus fifty cents for the bike. And fifty cents for on-the-job training.

SHOT - CHILLY'S TRUCK IN DISTANCE

Approaching, BELLS RINGING.

CHILLY (VO)
ICE CREEAM!

ON SLIMER AMD RUDY

Slimer is looking over his shoulder at the truck.

SLIMER
(urgent)
Hurry, Rudyyy...

Rudy removes his sunglasses from Slimer's forehead and puts them on.

RUDY (CONT)
And another forty for rental of my shades. Which leaves you --

He flips a thin coin in the air.

Slimer catches the measly coin, stares at it.

SLIMER
(disappointed)
Ten cents...? But... But...

PHONE RINGS in booth.

ON RUDY

Counting his money.

RUDY
Catch that, will ya, my best bud? I'm kinda busy.

ON PHONE

RINGING. Slimer picks up receiver.

SLIMER
(in phone)
Hello?

We hear a TINNY DRUM ROLL from phone.

VOICE ON PHONE
(like a gameshow host)
Congratulations! You've just won today's telephone jackpot!!

DRUM ROLL CONCLUDES with ORCHESTRA FANFARE: "Ta-daa!" Instantly, coins start pouring out of phone, like a Vegas slot machine. Slimer is catching the stuff in his cupped hands -- and the stack is growing huge.

SLIMER
Yippee!

RUDY

stares open-mouthed, stunned, as we hear coins continuing to disgorge.

WIDER ANGLE

Rudy stares as Chilly's truck drives slowly past the phone booth, BELLS RINGING, and Slimer races out of booth, lugging the huge pile of coins.

SLIMER
(excited)
Chillyyy,... wait!

Slimer ZOOMS OUT chasing the O.S. truck.

Chilly drives, Slimer sits in passenger seat. He holds several different ice creams-on-a-stick in each hand. The big pile of money is on the seat between him and Chilly.

CHILLY
How sweet it is, huh, Slimer?

SLIMER
(GIGGLES, continues LICKING and SLURPING)

FADE OUT

THE END